

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	67
DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS—APRIL 30, 1917	68
THE COLLEGE ROLL OF HONOUR	77
OBITUARY	81
MUSICAL CAREERS—(1). THE CATHEDRAL ORGANIST	84
COLLEGE CONCERTS	88
"SONG OF PAIN AND BEAUTY" (POEM)	89
THE R.C.M. UNION	89
AT THE SECOND WESTERN GENERAL HOSPITAL	90
THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD	93
THE TERM'S AWARDS	95

THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R·C·M· UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

"They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

—SHAKESPEARE.

The musical "howlers" which so greatly enlivened Dr. Buck's delightful article in one of our recent issues must have set many of us thinking of the added troubles and embarrassments which the use of the Italian language enforces upon those who choose music as a career.

The universal adoption of Italian terms is, perhaps, the one reminder, the one permanent survival of the old supremacy of Italy in our art. True, Schumann, Debussy and others have used their own language in their 'stage-directions' (to our increased discomfort) and a certain Australian composer of to-day has even elected to cover almost every square inch of his scores with English slang, in order to indicate to the performer the manner in which his music should be interpreted. But these things do not greatly concern us. At all events they do not influence the majority, who accept Sir Charles Stanford's dictum that "as French is the accepted language in diplomacy, so Italian should be in music."

It is significant that even Mr. Percy Grainger does not allow his music to appear in print without vouchsafing some translation into Italian of his favourite jargon, for when he writes "louder lots" or "slacken bit by bit", he takes care that the engraver should give in brackets, apologetically and with nearly invisible type, the universal equivalents *crescendo molto* and *ritenuto poco a poco*.

One might perhaps suggest to some composers whose command of Italian is not their strongest point that the reverse process would occasionally prove useful. A prominent British musician, who shall be nameless, not content with the simple direction '*agitato*', has headed one of his recently published pianoforte pieces '*non senza agitazione*.' This, in itself some food for merriment, is still more so in the light of the comment of an acknowledged wit amongst our College professors, who has promptly explained that '*non senza*' is in reality Italian for 'nonsense.'

On the whole the moral is clear. It is best to stick rigidly not only to Italian, but to the conventional Italian expressions which have done service for many generations of composers. After all music that is really good may be left to speak for itself. It is legitimate, perhaps, to infer that if a multiplicity of elaborate directions for securing subtleties of expression cover the page, the music itself is devoid of any expressive subtleties whatever.

Director's Address

APRIL 30, 1917

"Others are affected by what I am, and say, and do. And these others have also their sphere of influence. So that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation or humanity."—CHANNING.

I have tried on one of these occasions to keep out of the clutches of the War and talk about our own affairs. But once is quite enough. It is too big and overwhelming. It makes everything else seem small. It will not leave us alone any hour of the day, and the longer it lasts the more it predominates over our thoughts and actions. Perhaps in reality it is a good thing. For unless most of us had our minds full of it the things that have to be done in all directions would not get done.

It is only by degrees that we have come to realize that we cannot, any of us, afford merely to look on and live as in peace times, and have our little indulgences and comforts, and content ourselves with the easy going view that there are lots of people thinking furiously and working furiously, and that there is no need for us to bestir ourselves.

We can each and all of us do something that is a little bit of use—and lots of little bits make a big lump. But it is difficult to find what the something is to be. We are not, most of us, so variously gifted as to be able to turn our hands to anything that comes, though the experiences of wartime have shown many people that they can tackle many more different things than either they or anyone else would have expected. And there are two things which everyone can do if they cannot do anything else; namely, to practise being deaf to silly rumours, and refrain from giving opinions about things they know nothing about. There is a general rule which does not admit of many exceptions, that the less people know the

more they think other people do not know anything. So when they are not doing anything particular it is natural they should say malicious things about those who are doing them; both because they do not understand what they are doing and because the other people are doing something and they are not. It takes a lot of trouble to understand things, especially when they are in a line one is unaccustomed to; and the more one understands the less liable one is to find fault with other people's doings and opinions. Finding fault is not, as a rule, a hopeful way of serving the nation. Two of the most favourable signs of a person's quality are that he does not obtrude upon everyone the latest rumour, and that he refrains from heated attacks on individual persons.

It is one of the most familiarly pathetic things in life that people who really are doing things are haunted by the dread that what they are doing is of no use. The question which concerns us intimately is what we at the College are doing when such overwhelmingly big things are going on; and what relation the College has to the wonderful activities of the nation. I have alluded before to the thing which stands out most conspicuously in our minds, but I am not ashamed to do it again—and that is our War Roll of Honour. That is indeed a thing to be proud of. Look at those long columns of names, and think of the splendid spirit each name represents. It cannot do you any harm to gloat over them proudly and often. Each name is a symbol of a life offered in the service of fellowmen. And the holders of the names are scattered all over the world. One has just come back from Mesopotamia, where he suddenly and unexpectedly collided with another College boy in one of the unlikeliest corners of the universe; another is in East Africa; another has been with the Roumanians through their terrible retreat before the Germans and Bulgarians; another is mostly up in a captive balloon in the neighbourhood of Zeebrugge; many are floundering about in trench mud and across "No Man's Land" into the German lines, and many of the best of them have passed over into peace.

And for our College boys to take part in such promiscuous activities is a different thing from most people's sacrifices. People who are gifted with artistic sense in a high degree are set apart from other human beings. They have a special mission in this world, and its engrossing service is more to them than other people's occupations. It is part of themselves, and it is essentially an occupation of peace. The more sincere and genuine

their love of their art the less they are by nature fitted for the savagery of warfare. I have had letters from our boys in the fighting line which give me the impression that their lives are a continual martyrdom. They do not complain. They make themselves show the same cheerful spirit as other fighting men. They even try to make out they are glad of the opportunity of seeing such fine spirit in others ; and of knowing such lots of different types of men, all bent on noble emulation of one another in the service of their country.

It is not for danger they care or the likelihood of horrible mutilation, but they do not like killing things ; and the sight of mangled fragments which are all that is left of human beings, whether Germans or our own heroic soldiers, fills them with horror. One of them described going across "No Man's Land" and stumbling in the mud over remnants of human bodies ; mangled limbs of men who had loved and had been loved, perhaps gifted with noble qualities which were of great service to their world, and left to rot and become foul because in the madness of social destruction there is no opportunity to attend to them. People who have no imagination, ordinary dullards and wastrels, have no conception of these things. They have no sense of relations. But the artistic being feels all that is represented by the horror he has to face. His mind leaps forward to the suggestions and implications. He does not see only the ugly carcase, but all the things, human, tender, kindly, merry and fanciful that that poor torn remnant represents. The horror is so infinitely greater to the being whose mind and imagination are developed. And that is not all. Our soldiers who chance to have great gifts as musicians know that even if they survive they may be maimed, and the hands that are needed to interpret their art may thereafter be of no use to them. You know perhaps that one of our violinists had his hand blown to pieces by a bomb, and the most brilliant pianist or organist may be so injured that he can no longer interpret the great works that thrill him, so as to thrill congenial souls ; and, what is most trying of all, may have to leave to empty-headed, incapable and self-complacent mechanics, who have not been in the danger zone, to misinterpret and make people misunderstand and dislike what might be some of the most sustaining spiritual food they could have. There are so many we know who have thoughts and capacities of interpretation which are among the rarest gifts of man ; and they are being thrown into the caldron of

savagery with all the rabble rout of the most undeveloped types of humanity, and the chance that their spiritual gifts may be extinguished as though of no account. And they accept the inevitable with noble self-abnegation.

We know we can never honour them according to their deserts ; and if we tried, indeed we should be doing them no service. Where gratitude and admiration are fullest they sometimes have to be felt rather than uttered. After all, even the greatest of heroes are human. It will be better for them to guess our devotion than to hear us bungle it in the telling. The trivial little superficial love that soon passes is much more voluble than deep feeling.

But what are we others doing to match the devotion of our heroic representatives at the Front ! We have little chance to be heroic. There they have the advantage over us. But it cannot be denied that there are prolonged and agonizing tragedies in ordinary civil life which are as cruel as the violent tragedies of active war. And they are not mitigated by the glamour of fellowship and danger. The hopefulest thing is that we at home are being patient and cheerful. I confess to long-established detestation of the quotation " They also serve who only stand and wait." It's the excuse for any amount of indolence and indifference and slackness. It's all very well when you are waiting your turn in a serious business which will test your nerve and your energy. But too many people forget that necessary excuse and only loaf.

But there are circumstances when patience becomes of value, and it is so now. As the long drawn anxiety goes on it is one of the happiest signs of our country's quality that so many millions are patient under the ceaseless strain. As day follows day, morning and evening they look at their newspapers, with the craving to see some sign that the hideous slaughter and destruction is waning. They grow weary for lack of it. Yet they keep on watching and hoping and keeping alert and busy in the things they can do, and some are even happy, as they are lucky, in knowing the things they are doing are of service, and of that kind of service which is immediately connected with the great struggle in which the nation is engaged.

That is where our greatest difficulty lies. It is difficult to identify the things we are doing at the College with the actual activities which have immediate relation to the War. Other people's connection with War

work is obvious. But it is not always the most obvious things which are most real. It is true that Music has been splendidly vindicated. It has proved of the very greatest service in hospitals and camps and munition works. I saw a letter from the head of a great hospital, in which it was said that the Music they had was an actual medical asset. That it actually helped in the healing of the wounded ; that it helped the men to get well so certainly and unmistakably that it was as useful as a lot of extra beds. I have seen written statements that the Music performed in the luncheon hours in munition works sent the workers back to work with renewed energy and spirit. It actually increased the output of explosives that are necessary to deal death and destruction ! And in the weary waiting in camps and at the rear there is nothing which keeps up the men's spirits so surely. In reality Music is one of the things that constantly minister to winning the War. It is almost the first time people have realized the fact, though there is plentiful evidence in wars of old times how the soldiers' singing helped them on the march or going into the fray ; but they did not make such varied helpful use of it as we do now ; and it is an encouragement to us when we have qualms about our seeming to be on a by-road, out of touch with the great efforts which the rest of humanity are making to free the world of a nightmare—for the objects of the Prussians are no less !—And we can gain assurance that our art's help is effectual and wholesome ; and we know that as it deals with the spirit of man and not with the practical activities of savagery, it saves him from being demoralized by physical excitement, and gives him a sort of refuge from things which debase him. And it may be of considerable service too when it is all over ; for it is not much use thinking that things will settle down quietly. After such a tornado, calm and tranquillity are not going to come to us all at once. We shall want all the spiritual influences which are available. And the way mankind have been drawn towards Music in the time of stress makes us hopeful that they may accept its ministrations when the hurly-burly leaves them bewildered and unsettled by all they have gone through. Then it may be the turn of some of you who are developing your powers and your insight in your art to provide a healing influence.

But even now there are many things you can do apart from your art. It is always serviceable to look beyond the little circuit of your own special avocations, and to try to live and think spaciouly. Perhaps the War

may have helped us in that respect. It has made many people realize the extent to which we are all dependent on one another. The heroic people in the trenches realize it in close contact with their fellows, where so much depends on each man's courage and self-control. They realize it in the inspiration of fellowship, when they have to "go over the top." And they realize how they are also dependent on the people who are making munitions for them at home. They get to know how dependent they are on the amount of sense the people at home show in their views about the War and all things connected with it; and how the various nations who are joined together to put down arrogance and shameless brutality are dependent on one another. It is obviously so in physical things, and it is the same with the things of the mind. Men are dependent for their information upon all manner of subjects on the men who have specially devoted themselves to those subjects. They are dependent upon those who have tried to develop their minds in connection with many questions and upon those who have tried to think. But in the things of the mind they are too apt to consider that it is not of so much importance to get what they need from the best sources, and they are content to be dependent for their opinions on newspapers, and even on picture papers. And it is a pity they have not more mental energy, for the temptations of journalists are great, and it really is a wonder they do not mislead people more than they do. It is no thanks to the big majority of the public they are not misled more than they are, for they do not try to develop any discrimination or judgment, but rush about with their mouths wide open, ready to swallow any nonsense that excites them. Their only preference seems to be for tasty morsels which appeal to their lowest instincts, which are too often the products of spite and greed, and based on lies. If they could try to develop their individual minds a little, the baser kinds of newspapers which lead them to discreditable explosions of folly would cease to have readers. It is obvious that if people are dependent on one another for their information and opinions they will have to exercise some judgment in the choice of their advisers. If they put their trust only in those who cajole them by telling them what they want to think, they must certainly go astray, and betray those who look to them for helpful fellowship, as well as the interests of their country.

Such mischief comes from slackness about recognizing self-responsibility. It shows itself in various ways. I see it is officially reported that in

spite of the fact that it has been made plain that the inhabitants of this country must reduce their average consumption of bread to four pounds a week, the actual average last week was six pounds. So that the loyal and unselfish efforts of hundreds of thousands to keep well within the limit are swamped by a number of stupid, reckless, self-indulgent pigs who can only think of themselves, and have no sense of honour or regard for the necessities of the country. I do not think any of you can be so unworthy of the spirit of the best of our fellow countrymen, or would be willing to be numbered among the most worthless members of the community.

Such things do not stand by themselves. People who do selfish and unworthy things in one direction do similar things in others. You can trust one man to be right and honourable in all the little things and another to be nearly always wrong. A man can make up his mind to attend to the little things and mend the ones that have gone wrong, and the effort affects his general character and disposition for good. It's a question of quality, and is of more than usual importance to us in these days. The College is a much smaller place than it was before the War; but it is possible to make up what we lack in quantity by quality. Half a dozen people with fine quality about them are of more service to the world than hundreds of dunderheads. Quality is a matter of character and mind. It is a thing that weeds out triviality and levity and selfishness, and fosters the feelings for the things that are big and generous. Quality is bred on ideals and aspirations. It is a thing which permeates all a man tries to do; all men's special lines of work. You can even play and sing your scales better if you have some fine quality about you. Quality is the opposite to vulgarity and shams and stupidity. It thrives on understanding and frank honesty. All the horrible stupidities of which the misguided Germans have been guilty have been mainly owing to a lack of fine quality, which causes them to take a base view of the objects of life, and to become possessed by the mad passion to satisfy primitive animal instincts instead of spiritual ones. It has ultimately caused them to develop the crazy misconception that the world progresses by repression and destruction rather than by building up. So their wild lust for domination has to be checked; and we have reason to be proud that we belong to the nation that is in the forefront of the efforts to stem the devastating flood.

But it is very little use being proud of something one belongs to if one is not worthy of it, and the opportunities it affords. When insignificant people brag of their ancestors having come over with William the Conqueror, one might remind them that they had better conceal it for very shame if they have nothing to show for it more worthy of such advantageous opportunities. It is helpful to be proud of one's country if one means to do anything. It is helpful to be proud of the devotion which has sent so many College boys into the fighting, where they acquit themselves so well, and of the girls who are working in hospitals and canteens and all the various useful occupations, which entail the sacrifice of the things they are most fitted for. Is it nothing indeed that girls whose souls are thrilled and filled with music should be driving bullocks? It is true we do not commiserate them at all. They are very fortunate. Their Music will really be better and finer because they have shown the spirit and taken the opportunity to drive bullocks. It is not obviously allotted to all men or women to do anything so useful as to drive bullocks in wartime. But the next best thing is to show the goodwill to be worthy of being associated with them and of being proud of the association. All people who have decent health have some sort of opportunities of looking out for the chance of doing something serviceable. It is doing things that are serviceable that makes life worth living. It is only the people who have been betrayed by their own indolence and ignorance and incapacity to resist their baser selfish instincts who talk about the world being such a vale of tears. The true quality of strenuous courage can make even a welter of misfortunes into a constantly increasing joy; in the only kind of victory which never brings shame in its wake.

There are a few homely local things which must be referred to. And in that connection I may observe that a vast lot of people's troubles in life come from incapacity of attention. So many people seem to live in a sort of comfortable, careless, easy going routine, doing things vaguely and mechanically without realizing what or why or how they are doing them. It is a sort of casual, lounging, animal state, in which the mind is only half awake, and produces exasperating results every day. A homely illustration is the casual manner in which many of the members of our spirited orchestra come drifting in at the 2 o'clock practices. They have no occasion to waste a useful bit of life. They have not attention enough to

observe the effect of superfluous slackness and slovenliness. Another homely instance is the way people come drifting in late for our Concerts. In most cases there is no excuse for it whatever. The casual late-comers are merely inattentive, and have not firmness enough to do what they have got to do when the things have got to be done. It generally happens at our Concerts that the second and third movements of the first work in the programme are hung up for a long while, and I thereupon have occasion to observe a lot of self-complacent, apparently half-witted people, who are sauntering up the middle gangway, and looking from side to side to see where a seat will suit them, and apparently quite pleased with the prominence which they have obtained by keeping several hundred people and the performers waiting, while they are engaged in demonstrating that for the time being they are the stupidest and most exasperating objects in the whole assembly. It is mainly habitual lack of attention and wide-awakeness which the average low standards of public opinion allow to pass muster. It reminds us that one of the most trying tasks of the best members of any community is to have to put up with the stupidities of the worst, and it is a sort of encouragement not to drift into being included among the latter.

I must remind you that in consequence of some now unmentionable rearrangements, the examinations for the Scholarships and the annual examination have to take place in the coming term. The first does not concern many of you, and those whom the second concerns will, I am sure, face the ordeal with the cheerfulness and firm resolve which is most conducive to the College's reputation.

Another event which is usually most welcome in the Summer term is the Union party. Hitherto we have thought it well to keep that annual token of cheerfulness and good fellowship going in spite of the War. But this time we are in doubt. We have all become so much more engrossed in the war-strain; we cannot tell what the coming days may bring forth, or how we should adapt our inevitable refreshments to the ordinances of the Food Controller. Sensible people seem generally to be foregoing their social gatherings, and we are in doubt whether we ought not to do the same. So it is likely the term will pass without its usual gathering. If the unexpected should happen, we can make good in Christmas term.

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

The College Roll of Honour

*"Ef you want peace, the thing you've got to du
Is jes' to show you're up to fighting tu."*—LOWELL.

The following Pupils, past and present, have joined the Forces since the outbreak of the war. Those marked with an asterisk have been invalided and discharged from service. Desiring to make the list as complete and as accurate as possible, the Editor welcomes additions or corrections.

Allchin, Basil	2nd Lieut., Oxfordshires
Allen, Charles B.	Lieut., Loretto School, O.T.C.
Allen, William R.	R.N.A.S. (Armoured Car Section)
Armitage, Clifford	
Armstrong Dash, A.	(wounded)
Bannister, J. Hurst	Royal Fusiliers (att. A.P.C.)
Barkworth, John E.	Lieut., Army Car Driver
Barnes, Archie F.	Captain, 2nd-5th Gloucester Regt. (wounded)
Bellringer, Francis	Royal Engineers
Benjamin, Arthur	Captain, 32nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers
Bennett, R. Sterndale	Major (T.F.), Commanding Uppingham School Contingent, O.T.C.
Black, P. A.	Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
Bliss, Arthur E. D.	Captain, 13th Batt. Royal Fusiliers (wounded)
*Bourne, Humphrey S.	H.A.C.
Breach, Gilbert H.	Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Batt.) (missing, Oct. 17th, 1916)
Brough, F.	R.F.A.
Brown, Eric F.	Captain, 5th Wilts (died of wounds)
Bright, Percy S.	2nd Lieut., Attached to General Staff, B.E.F.
Burchell, George H.	10th Queen's Royal West Surrey
Burke, Edmund	Captain, Canadian Contingent
Bulmer, Albert N.	R.A.M.C., 3rd E. Anglian (Field Ambulance)
Butterworth, George S. K.	Lieut., Durham L.I. (killed in action)
Button, Ernest A.	P.O., R.N.A.S.
Carey, Clive	Captain, A.O.D.
Chapman, Basil W. M.	City of London Yeomanry, Rough Riders
Chapman, Donald J. S.	2nd Lieut., 14th Batt. Royal Fusiliers (died of wounds at Abbeville, 13th July, 1916)
Chapman, Philip E.	8th Hants Regt. (died of wounds at Malta, 4th Sept., 1915)
Chignell, Robert P.	Lieut., A.S.C. (Brigade Signalling Officer)
Clapperton, Walter	A.S.C.
Coster, Ernest	Captain Royal Welsh Fusiliers (awarded Military Cross)
Colles, H. C.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Collis, Philip J.	R.F.C.
Cooter, Eaton	4th Berkshires
Cruft, Eugene	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Cullerne, F. Hilton	7th Liverpool (Manx Batt.)

Cumberland, Louis B.	Captain, 11th Batt. King's Royal Rifles
Cunninghame, Charles E.	2nd Lieut., Hampshire Regt. (<i>Twice wounded</i>)
Curtis, Benjamin	Army Cyclist Corps
Davidson, Malcolm G.	Lieut., 5th Batt. Cameron Highlanders (<i>wounded 25th September, 1915</i>)
Davies, Tudor	Engine Room Artificer (R.N.)
Dawes, Lionel F.	Gloucestershire Hussars
Deane, James B.	Captain, East Kent Regt. (The Buffs)
*Demuth, Norman F.	L.R.B. (<i>wounded</i>)
Derry, H. Bromley	Bandmaster, 3rd-7th Middlesex Regt.
Dixon, Charles J.	(<i>Killed in action, July 1917</i>)
Dixon-Smith, J.	Kent Cyclist Batt.
*Dyson, George	Captain, Middlesex Regt. (Brigade Grenadier Officer)
Ebdon, R. A.	Artists' Rifles
Evanson, Roger M.	
Eyre, Wilfrid R. B.	(<i>Killed in action</i>)
Farrar, Ernest	2nd Lieut., Rifle Brigade (?)
Fielden, T. P.	2nd Lieut., R.F.A. (<i>wounded</i>)
Finney, David	Royal Marines
Foort, Reginald J.	Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R., H.M.S. Roberts
Foot, William H.	28th Batt., N.W. Canadians (Bandmaster)
Foreman, Gordon A.	Canadians
Fox, Douglas G. A.	2nd Lieut., 4th Gloucesters
Garvin, Sidney	Essex Yeomanry
Garvin, E. T.	
Gibbs, Geoffrey	
Goodwin, Seymour T.	(<i>killed in action April 28, 1917</i>)
Goossens, Adolphe	2nd Lieut., Norfolk Regt. (<i>died of wounds,</i> <i>Aug. 17th, 1916</i>)
Goossens, Leon J.	Corporal, Royal Fusiliers
Grinstead, F. Harrison	Captain, Armoured Train
Gritton, Eric W.	L.R.B.
Grünbaum, Hyman	1st Sportsmen's Battalion, 23rd Royal Fusiliers
Gurney, Ivor B.	2nd-5th Gloucestershire Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Green, Topliss	2nd Lieut., R.F.A.
Hall, Alexander E.	Civil Service Rifles
Hambleton, Hale	A.S.C. (M.T.)
Hamilton, Vivian	Lieut., R.F.A.
Hare, Wilfred J.	3rd-12th London Regt. Rangers
Harford, Francis J.	Captain, 20th Batt. Manchester Regt.
Harris, W. H.	Artists' Rifles
Heberden, Arthur C.	2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles (<i>killed in</i> <i>action, July 10, 1917</i>)
Hedges, Arthur	2nd Lieut., 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded and prisoner of war</i>)
Heinze, Bernard T.	2nd Lieut., R.G.A.
Hosking, H. Noel	16th Middlesex Regt. (<i>missing</i>)
Hope, Noel E.	Artists' Rifles
Hopper, Arthur C.	1st Engineer, R.N.A.S.
Howe, Albert P.	2nd Lieut., 14th Royal Fusiliers
Hughes, Seth	
Huntington, John W.	2nd Lieut., K.O.Y.L.I. 3rd-4th (<i>twice wounded</i>)
Ireland, Joseph K.	Captain, 26th Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded</i>) (<i>missing, 7th October, 1916</i>)

Jackson, Cyril	R.N.A.S.
Jefferies, Leonard S.	2nd Lieut., 13th Royal Warwicks (<i>wounded</i>)
Jones, H. Dukinfield	H.A.C. (<i>killed in action, June 10th, 1915</i>)
Kimberley, Ronald H.	R.F.C.
Kitson, Antony B.	2nd Lieut., 11th Batt. Devonshire Regt.
Kutcher, Samuel	Middlesex Regt.
Lang, Cyril	R.F.C.
Le Cornu, Ralph	2nd Lieut., Dorset Regt.
Leeds, Geoffrey	O.T.C.
Lock, Harold C.	Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded</i>)
Lofthouse, Charles	2nd Lieut., 7th (Res.) Batt., Manchester Regt.
Mackenzie, Donald	2nd Lieut., 3-22 County of London (The Queen's)
Mackness, Claud P.	2nd Lieut. 3-7 Gordons (<i>wounded</i>)
Mann, Samuel	Lance-Corporal, E. Coy, 17th London Regt.
Marchant, Arthur R.	2/6 Essex Regt.
Martin, Leslie C.	Essex Regiment
Mason, Edward	Lieut., Northants. Regt. (<i>killed in action,</i> <i>May 9th, 1915</i>)
Maude, Cyril B.	R.A.M.C.
Mercer, E. G.	Lieut. Colonel 1st City of London Royal Fusiliers (C.M.G.)
Midgley, Albert	12th Royal Fusiliers
Millard, A. G.	2nd Lieut., 9th East Surrey Regt. (<i>killed in</i> <i>action, September, 1917</i>)
Minchin, Leonard E.	2nd Lieut., M.G.C. Tanks
Moeran, Ernest J. S.	2nd Lieut., Norfolk Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Morris, R. O.	2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry
Morris, Thomas F.	Flight-Lieut., R.N.A.S.
Neden, Harold	2nd Lieut., 5th Middlesex
Northcote, Sydney	R.F.A.
Ogilvy, Frederick A.	Company Sergeant Major, Repton School O.T.C.
Ord, Bernhard	2nd Lieut., R.F.C. (<i>wounded</i>)
Pantling, Jesse C.	15th Batt. Royal Fusiliers
Parker, Ralph W.	2nd Lieut., 3rd Grenadier Guards
Peatfield, Thomas	Corpl., King's Royal Rifles
Penty, Norman	2nd Lieut., K.R.R.C.
Pitts, Francis B.	Royal Fusiliers
Rhodes, Harold W.	G.O.C.B.
Robson, John S.	2nd Lieut.
Retford, Harry	Artists' Rifles
Richardson, C. A. M.	Lieut., R.G.A.
Roper, Eric W.	2nd Lieut., Royal Fusiliers (<i>awarded Military</i> <i>Cross</i>) (<i>killed in action</i>)
Ross, Hugh C. M.	R.G.A.
Rowe, Harry	2nd Reg. S.A. Infantry
Roxburgh, John R.	2nd Lieut., West Riding Regt.
Saull, Walter J.	Queen's Westminsters
Schrempf, Johannes J.	26th Batt. King's Liverpool Regt.
Seaton, James W. S.	Artists' Rifles
Sharpe, Cedric	2nd Lieut., Glamorgan Yeomanry, attached to M.G. Corps, Heavy Branch
Shaw, Edric	R.A.M.C.

Shera, Frank H.	Captain, Malvern College O.T.C.
Shimmin, Sydney G.	3rd-1st H.C.F.A., R.A.M.C.
Shore, Bernard R.	2nd Lieut., 2nd Rifle Brigade (<i>wounded</i>)
*Simmons, Charles I.	City of London Royal Fusiliers
Skeaping, Kenneth	Royal Marines
Smith, H. Arnold	Artists' Rifles
Snell, William A. F.	
Snowden, John K.	2nd Lieut., 11th West Riding Regt. (<i>wounded</i>)
Souper, Charles A.	2nd Lieut., Mon. Regt.
Squire, Barré C.	11th Devons
Stewart, Oliver	Lieut., Royal Flying Corps
Stuart, Kenneth B.	2nd Lieut., 6th Durham Light Infantry (<i>killed in action, Nov. 5th, 1916</i>)
Swan, Richard	Middlesex Yeomanry
Stubbs, Harry H.	London Electrical Engineers
Stubbs, Stanley G. P.	Artists' Rifles
Tatam, John A.	12th Essex Regt.
Taylor, Colin M. C.	2nd Lieut., 3rd Royal Sussex Regt.
Thomas, Christopher J.	Lieut., M.G. Corps
Thomas, Percy E.	Lieut., R.F.A.
*Thomas, Spencer	London Rangers (<i>wounded</i>)
Thomas, Stephen K.	2nd Lieut., 3rd Dorsets
Thomas, Thomas	London Welsh
*Thompson, Elliot R.	Lieut., Manchester Regt.
Thompson, Miles	2nd Lieut., Lincs. Yeomanry
Thorne, George H.	
*Tomlinson, Ernest	Royal Naval Air Service (Wireless)
Toye, Geoffrey	Lieut., Cornwalls
Turner, Francis M. D.	Royal Flying Corps
Vaughan-Williams, Ralph	R.A.M.C.
Vinden, Maurice	2nd Lieut. Somerset Light Infantry
Walker, —	
Walters, Ivor	Artists' Rifles
Walters, T. Glyn	Artists' Rifles
Wanklyn, —	2nd Lieut., Household Brigade (<i>killed in action, May, 1917</i>)
Warren, Francis P.	2nd Lieut., 10th South Lancashires (<i>reported missing, July 4th, 1916</i>)
Watson, Albert V.	A.S.C.
Webster, Samuel	L.-Cpl., R.W. Kents (<i>wounded</i>)
Whitaker, Horace St. J.	R.A.M.C.
Whitaker, James	Royal Navy
White, Howard F.	London Rangers, (<i>wounded, May 4th, 1917</i>)
Whitley, Thomas	A.S.C. (Coy 488)
Wilkinson, A. B.	2nd Lieut., 2nd Batt. 5th Royal Sussex Regt. (<i>died of wounds</i>)
Wilson, Henry E.	2nd-1st. Cambs.
Wilson, Stanley H.	
Wiltshire, Walter A.	Reigate Grammar School O.T.C.
Wright, Cecil K.	18th Batt. Royal Fusiliers (<i>wounded</i>)
Wright, Roland G.	9th (Queen's) Royal West Surreys
Wright, Denis S.	2nd Lieut., M.T., A.S.C. (attached to Serbian Army)
Wynne, Warren	
Young, G. Coleman	2-6 East Surrey Regt.

Red Cross, &c.

Aitken, Ruth	Lambert, Maud
Allport, S. Gwendoline (Canteen Work)	Lean, Marjorie N.
Bowden-Smith, M.	Lewis, Ida M.
Brett, Nancy	McCall, Eva
Byles, William J.	Macfie, Henrietta (Sister, Hospital Ship, "Garth Castle.")
Capes, Mrs (Miss M. Thwaites)	Middleton, J. Alice
Crews, Mrs. (Miss Muriel Thacker) (Beaufort Hospital, Bristol)	Montagu, Lady Olga (Canteen Work, etc.)
Darnell, A. Beatrix (The Michie Hospital, Queen's Gate, S.W.)	Morris, Dorothy (Limoges)
Dodman, Ada (Manchester)	Morse, Mrs. (Miss Harriet Solly)
Gotch, Veronica	Norman, Alice E.
Harrison, Lucy	O'Neill, The Hon. Rose
Hedges, Geraldine (Roumania)	Othen, Katharine (V.A.D.)
Holman, Joyce (Malta)	Randall, Marie L. M. (1st London General Hospital)
Hutton, Moya W. V.	Raymond, Gladys (Military Hospital, Southampton)
Knox, Doris	Waddington, Barbara
Lambert, Hannah	Wilson, Mrs Purcell

Office Staff

Back, William H...	T.R.
Cane, R.	London Irish
Crofts, Leslie T.	R.F.A.
English, E.	R.G.A.
Griffiths, Reginald C.	25th Co. of London (T.) Cyclists
Hare, Charles P. L.	R.N.A.S.
Hatchman, John	Hussars (<i>killed</i>)
Leopard, George	London Irish (18th London)
Pycock, H. R.	Artificer, Artists' Rifles (<i>died, 20th Feb., 1916</i>)
Peaple, Henry	A.S.C.
Stammers, Ernest S.	Royal Navy
Vicars, Joseph C.	T.R.

Obituary.

CAPTAIN ERIC FRANCIS BROWN

The keenest regret will be felt in College circles at the news of Eric Brown's death, which took place on March 31st as a result of wounds received in action two days previously. The third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown, of Eastrop Grange, Highworth, Wilts, he was educated at Harrow, where he won the music prize. He was at College from September 1907 to July 1909 and then went to Brazenose College, Oxford, as Organ Scholar. He had a second period at College from September 1912 to Midsummer 1914, during part of which time he was Organist and Choirmaster at Emmanuel Church, West Hampstead. On several occasions he gave recitals at Highworth Church.

When war broke out he was recovering from scarlet fever, but as soon as he was able to do so he enlisted in the Public Schools Battalion and was in training at Kempton Park until October 1914. He then obtained a commission and was transferred to the Wiltshires, who were training at Weymouth. In May 1915 he went out to Gallipoli, where he was wounded three months later. After being in hospital for three months in Egypt he returned to Gallipoli, seeing more hard fighting and remaining there until the end of the ill-fated enterprise. Having seen his own regiment

on board ship, he was attached to another, and stayed to the very last of the evacuation. He was soon fighting on another front after a few weeks' leave in Egypt, and was again wounded in the head. He refused to go back for treatment on account of the shortage of officers, and in the later fighting received his fatal wound.

Full of generous and warm-hearted impulses, zealous in pursuit of his ideals, impatient of pedantry, quick to see the humorous side of things and full of anecdote, Eric Brown possessed a particularly attractive and sunny personality. His chief musical interest was centred in Bach, especially the Chorales, and he could often be found deep in the study of his collection of "*Geistliche Lieder*." Just as his war record testifies to his capacity for leadership, so his refusal at the last to consider his own safety, although wounded, shows how strong was his devotion to what he conceived to be his duty. This last act serves as an index to his character.

S. G. S.

SECOND LIEUT. ARTHUR CLEMENTS HEBERDEN

By the death of Second Lieut. A. C. Heberden, who was killed in action in France on July 10th last, the College has cause to mourn one of her most distinguished sons; one whose career, already brilliant, was full of promise of still further usefulness and distinction.

He was the youngest son of the late Mr Henry Buller Heberden, Rector of Oddington, in Gloucestershire, and of Mrs Heberden, of the Grange, Charlton Kings. He entered Rugby, with a scholarship, in 1900. Here he showed great musical ability, working under the guidance of Mr Basil Johnson (an old Collegian, now Precentor of Eton) and winning several prizes in his favourite subject.

Proceeding to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1905, he graduated B.A. in Modern History, in 1908, and also distinguished himself as an oarsman, stroking the winning Trial Eight of the O.U.B.C. in December 1907.

The claims of music, which had asserted themselves in his school-days, became again insistent, and with a view to adopting the art as a profession, he entered the R.C.M. after leaving Oxford, studying the organ with Sir Walter Parratt, who was quick to recognize his pupil's remarkable gifts and sterling personal qualities. Among his academic achievements must be mentioned the winning of the La Fontaine prize in the examination for the Associateship of the Royal College of Organists, his success in the Fellowship tests following in January, 1911. He also took the Mus. Bac. degree at Oxford in 1912.

After filling organ posts at Limehouse Parish Church, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, he was appointed Director of Music at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in succession to Mr George Dyson, who advanced to a similar position at Marlborough College. The war claiming his predecessor in 1914, it was a high compliment to Mr Heberden's success in school-work that he should be chosen once more to succeed him, at Marlborough. While at Marlborough, Mr Heberden served in the school O.T.C. He was gazetted to a commission on June 22nd, 1915, and proceeded to the Front six months later. Wounded in January, 1916, and invalided home, he did not return to France until the beginning of the present year.

Through the kindness of members of Second Lieut. Heberden's family, we are permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written by his Company Commander. The infinitely touching words will need no comment.

"It is with feelings of deepest regret that I have to write and inform you that your son was killed in action on the morning of July 10th. He was going round his trenches looking after his men, and keeping their pluck up during the heaviest bombardment that this regiment, and, I think, the British Army, has ever been under. . . . He was killed about mid-day. I cannot tell you how deeply the Battalion . . . feel for you in the loss of such a charming character, straight and noble, and one who thought of others *first* and himself *last* . . . His influence was always for the good. I can only tell you that he was killed instantly

by a shell. . . . What little comfort can be got is in the fact that he suffered no physical pain, though seeing others suffer, and he powerless to help except in words, must have cost him a lot."

AN APPRECIATION BY SIR WALTER PARRATT.

The College Union has sustained a heavy loss through the death, while fighting for his country and for humanity, of Arthur C. Heberden. He was an ideal student, and he earned the respect and affection of his many friends. His teachers could, and did learn from him. His personal note was that of force held in strong reserve; force which was not dissipated by superfluous expression. The cackle of the College corridors was not to his liking, but he had a keen sense of fun, and was the best of company. He compressed into a short career much valuable work which will not be forgotten, and which was a sure indication of future usefulness, now, alas! never to be realised.

SEYMOUR THOMAS GOODWIN, F.R.C.O., L.R.A.M.

Collegians everywhere will learn with deep sorrow of the death of Seymour Thomas Goodwin, who, fighting as a private in the Suffolk Regiment, fell on the field of battle on April 28th, 1917. He was the youngest son of Mr and Mrs R. F. Goodwin, of 34, Percy Street, W., and was only 27 years of age.

Mr Claude Aveling has kindly contributed the following appreciation :—

"Seymour Goodwin held a special place of honour in our affections, and his circle of College friends was exceptionally wide by reason of his two-fold connection with the Institution. As a boy of fourteen or so, he joined the clerical staff; his work, dealing with the Library, Orchestra, Ensemble and Choral classes, brought him into close touch with everyone who passed through College for some years. Then he entered College as a student and further extended the circle of his friends. It is not too much to say that of all the hundreds of his contemporaries at College there is not one to whom the sacrifice of his young life does not come as a personal loss, and that to those who were privileged to know his sweet and lovable qualities this loss seems irreparable.

"Gentle and retiring, almost to shyness, he was wholly meant for the sweeter things in life; his charm and sincerity, all the more attractive because they were exercised without conscious effort, and a certain boyish wistfulness (which never quite left him), lit by a simplicity and purity of vision that were of the essence of his character, made all men love him as they would themselves be loved.

"But this gentle boy was brave enough when the call came. What it cost him to leave his devoted wife and his little child for the unknown horrors of war, we shall never know, for he was not the one to whimper. Quietly, humbly, in characteristically unobtrusive fashion he joined the Suffolks, went to France, fought and was killed before any of his friends at College had time to realize that he was even in the Army, and more than one of us cried like children when we heard the news."

CHARLES R. DIXON

We regret to record the death, in action, of Mr Charles R. Dixon, the son of Mr C. J. Dixon, of Jesmond, Newcastle-on Tyne. Entering the College in September, 1915, he had enjoyed but a brief career of two terms as a student when he joined the Army. A pupil of Dr. Alcock, Dr. Read, and Mr Kemp, he won the esteem of all who knew him during his short period amongst us.

SECOND-LIEUT. A. G. MILLARD

Many Collegians will hear with sorrow of the death of another old Scholar who achieved distinction in his profession, Mr A. G. Millard. He was the only son of Mr and Mrs Millard, of Langdale House, Thornton Heath, was born in 1889, and began his musical career as a chorister in the choir of Eton College. Here he soon

so far distinguished himself for musical ability that he became assistant organist to Dr. C. H. Lloyd. Later he entered the Royal College as an organ student, studying with Sir Walter Parratt, and he afterwards gained the Palmer Scholarship.

He filled the post of organist, first at St. John's Church, Farnham Common, and later at the Parish Church of Farnham. In 1911 he became assistant music-master at Marlborough College, an appointment he held for four years, when, in 1915, he was chosen as head music-master at Felsted School.

He joined the Artists' Rifles, O.T.C., in January, 1916, and received his commission in the 9th East Surrey Regiment in the following December, going to France in January of this year. He died of wounds received on August 7th last.

He was an able organist and violinist, and was especially well-known in the neighbourhood of Windsor, where at one time he conducted the flourishing Amateur Operatic Society, and did other admirable and important work.

Musical Careers

II. THE CATHEDRAL ORGANIST

*" 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven - to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament."*—KEATS.

The scene was the practice-room, the time morning rehearsal, the *dramatis personæ* the boys and the organist. There had been some inaccuracy on the part of the boys at service, and they were being admonished by the organist as to the importance of accuracy. "You know, boys, it really is most difficult to be accurate, and I must confess to having played some wrong notes during even the last few days." The head boy here took up his parable and said, "O yes, sir, Dr. ——— used to play wrong notes when he first came." This amusing episode shows the attitude of mind of the country cathedral chorister. He takes his own particular cathedral as perfection, and looks pityingly upon any newcomer, from a Dean downwards.

Every young organist (and there are many) aspiring to the office of a Cathedral organistship should read what Dr. S. S. Wesley said in a pamphlet published by him in 1849. Though the difficulties he enumerates may, in these days of easy travel, be to some extent modified, there can be no doubt that his advice is of great value to-day. He says:—"Painful and dangerous is the position of the young musician who, after acquiring great knowledge of his art in the Metropolis, joins a country cathedral.

. . . He soon discovers that it is his approbation and not his advice that is needed . . . If he give trouble in his attempts at improvement, he would be, by some Chapters, at once voted a person with whom they cannot go on smoothly . . . He must learn to tolerate error, to sacrifice principle, and yet to indicate by his outward demeanour the most perfect satisfaction with his office, in which, if he fail, he will assuredly be worried and made miserable." The following extract is of profound importance :—
"The illusive and fascinating effect of musical sound in a cathedral unfortunately serves to blunt criticism, and casts a veil over defects otherwise unbearable. No coat of varnish can do for a picture what the exquisitely reverberating qualities of a cathedral do for music. And the organ! What a multitude of sins does *that* cover!"

These are the reflections of one of our greatest Church musicians after three years' experience as organist of Hereford Cathedral and seven years at Exeter. It is fortunate that in spite of the difficulties he enumerates, he was able to leave us the priceless treasure of his Church music, and interesting to remember that he was content later to become organist successively of Winchester and Gloucester.

Some would have it that to live away from London means musical stagnation. It does certainly imply great difficulty in attending concerts, etc. But stagnation need not necessarily follow in the case of an energetic man. To the orchestral enthusiast the organ with all its works is anathema, and a cathedral service a queer relic of the past. The attitude on the part of visitors to a Cathedral when interrupted in inspecting the monuments is often one of impatience. Anything like the splendid architecture or the artistic and devotional rendering of the service passes too often unnoticed. To raise the eyes to the groining of the roof, to realize what such a building implies, or to try to understand the historical sequence of Church music, is to many too great an effort. It is in combating this indifference that the Cathedral organist should find his opportunity. His Church music should come first, while his influence on music generally should be felt in a wide circle. His organ recitals will do much to educate, and he has good reason for including in his programmes arrangements of orchestral and other music which would otherwise be rarely heard. If the outlook of Deans and Chapters can be sufficiently widened (and there are some admirable examples of this) Choral Festivals or Services on a large scale can be held. The local Choral and Orchestral Society

should, in the hands of a good man, prove a strong influence in the musical life of the district.

The Cathedral organist has his share of worries, great and small, and will at once admit that his greatest anxiety lies with his work with the Cathedral choir. For some reason, boys' voices break much earlier now than formerly. The result is that it is far more difficult to establish a tradition. In old days a boy would sometimes be singing well at 15 or 16. Fourteen is now too often the limit of his useful work. He is just gaining that important attribute, *courage*, and his experience beginning to tell, when the ominous signs become more and more frequent, and the inevitable reassortment takes place. But the wind is often tempered to the shorn lamb, the unexpected turning up in the person of some erstwhile troublesome animal other than the shorn, and a boy who has perhaps been a bit of a nuisance may after all save the situation. His mischievous nature implies a certain sort of independence, and that generally means courage, and if to that can be added a voice, things may get right again.

With regard to the men, the difficulty of providing an adequate salary is too often insurmountable, the result being that the best men as a rule seek a London appointment. This is sometimes obviated if local work can be secured, and it is worth any effort to keep a good man. Many Cathedral men are excellent readers and know their work thoroughly. The danger lies in their having to do the same thing day after day. But if, while recognising their position, the organist gains their confidence and regard, their support and co-operation can generally be secured. One of the best lessons he can have is to sit with the men during an unaccompanied service. He will then realise that there are many difficulties which cannot be appreciated from the organ loft. Tact and consideration with firmness are essential in all work with the choir.

There is an aspect concerning the life of a country cathedral organist which is worth consideration. The quiet and contemplative life inseparable from a Cathedral makes a strong appeal to those who think of something beyond worldly fame. There are some who care for Nature before bricks and mortar, and if the musical output by Cathedral organists in general has been neither great nor remarkable, the fault cannot be said to lie with their surroundings. It must, of course, be admitted that much great music for the Church and organ has been produced in the heart of populous cities. But if the genius of S. S. Wesley found country soil so fruitful, it must

be admitted that the possibilities should be greater to-day, as they undoubtedly are, and only need to be taken advantage of.

Passing reference to the social position of the Cathedral organist may be permitted. He now commands a wider recognition than formerly, which must tend to his success as chief musician of his district. He will have many opportunities of encouraging any hobby he may be in the habit of riding, and surely something other than music should enter into his life? There are means of recreation which the country organist will do well to cultivate, and it is surely desirable to widen one's outlook as far as possible. Such delightful recreations as sailing, fishing, chess, etc., are actually encouraged by certain persons holding high office in College! These pursuits seem so far to have had no pernicious influence!

Dr. S. S. Wesley was a keen fisherman, and a good story has been told of or around him, more or less true. He was fishing one day at Gloucester, when he was accused by the keeper of trespassing. Knowing the owner of the water, the worthy doctor asked to be taken to him that he might explain. A pleasant luncheon succeeded, after which his host asked him to play something on the organ in the house. A few days afterwards the good man was surprised to receive from Dr. Wesley an account demanding five guineas as his fee for playing. The reply to this was that as the fee for a day's fishing was *ten* guineas, Dr. Wesley was his host's debtor for half that amount! The matter ought to have been settled by another luncheon, the fish (if any) being provided by the doctor's skilful *play* of another kind.

The open air, and any pursuit involving it, must surely be invigorating, and an intimate converse with Nature, as in the case of Beethoven, an incentive to the higher realms of abstract music. It is not for a moment contended that striving towards the best ideals and a healthy emulation of those most advanced in all forms of the art are not important and even necessary. This short paper is but a plea for the Cathedral organist, and an endeavour to show that there are possibilities of a happy life in that profession, even when it is not passed in the midst of the busy throng.

In closing, it seems appropriate to quote Dr. Wesley's last words. They were: "Let me see the sky."

W. G. ALCOCK.

College Concerts

"Music, the mosaic of the air."—ANDREW MARVELL.

Thursday, May 24th

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2
Beethoven
HARRY CANTOR
NANCY P. PHILLIPS
(Gowland Harrison Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Wilson Scholar), A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS .. a. Blow, blow, thou winter wind
R. Quilter
b. Have you news of my boy Jack?
E. German
M. DORIS STEVENS.
3. SUITE for Two Pianofortes
En blanc et noir .. *C. Debussy*
CICELY MOORAT (Scholar)
AUDREY McMASTER (Pauer Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.

4. VIOLIN SOLO .. Havanaise .. *C. Saint-Saëns*
FREDERICK C. HOLDING (Scholar)
5. SONGS .. a. Passing Dreams .. *R. Quilter*
b. Spring Waters .. *S. Rachmaninov*
HELEN M. TAYLOR (Scholar)
6. TRIO for Pianoforte and Strings in C minor,
Op. 101 .. *Brahms*
KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar) A.R.C.M.
NANCY P. PHILLIPS
(Gowland Harrison Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Wilson Scholar), A.R.C.M.

Accompanists—

KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar), A.R.C.M.
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Thursday, June 7th

1. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violoncello, in G
minor .. *S. Rachmaninov*
DOROTHY T. DAVIES
(Clementi Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
ELSA IVIMBY-MARTIN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. a. To Daisies .. *R. Quilter*
b. Pleading .. *E. Elgar*
IVOR O. THOMAS (Scholar)
3. VIOLIN SOLOS .. a. Romance .. *Wieniawski*
b. Preludium and Allegro
Pugnani-Kreisler
LUNA CHISHOLM
(Associated Board Exhibitioner, New South Wales)

4. SONGS .. a. In the Silent Night .. *S. Rachmaninov*
b. The Dreary Steppe .. *A. Grieg*
DOROTHY HASTWELL (Exhibitioner)
5. QUARTET for Pianoforte and Strings, in A
major, Op. 30 .. *E. Chausson*
E. LILIAN GOLDIE (Scholar)
MAUD GOLD (Morley Scholar)
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Wilson Scholar), A.R.C.M.

Accompanists—

MARGARET CHISHOLM, A.R.C.M.
DORIS FELL (Kiallmark Scholar), A.R.C.M.

Friday, June 15th

1. SERENADE for Strings .. *Stanley H. Wilson*
(Scholar)
2. CONCERTO for Pianoforte and Orchestra
(Scottish), Op. 55 .. *A. C. Mackenzie*
HILDA M. KLEIN (Exhibitioner)
3. SONG .. Field-Marshal Death .. *Moussorgsky*
(from Songs and Dances of Death)
GWYNNE JONES

4. VARIATIONS for Violoncello & Orchestra,
Op. 31 .. *Tchaikovsky*
THELMA F. DANDRIDGE (R.A.O.S. Scholar), A.R.C.M.
5. SYMPHONY in D, No. 2, Op. 73 .. *Brahms*

Conductor—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A.,
Mus. Doc.

Thursday, June 21st

1. QUARTET for Strings in F major, Op. 59, No. 1
Beethoven
DORIS HOUGHTON
(Director's Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY M. CHRISTISON
(Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.
S. DOROTHY THUELL (Wilson Scholar), A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS .. a. Willow Song .. *S. Coleridge-Taylor*
b. Baby .. *A. Mallinson*
IDA D. WALTON
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS—
a. Study in A flat .. *Chopin*
b. Prelude in A minor .. *C. Debussy*
FLORA C. MCGILL (Scholar)

4. SONGS .. a. The Lilacs .. *S. Rachmaninov*
b. O, my Love's like a red, red rose
A. Mallinson
c. Come, O come, my life's delight
Hamilton Hartly
5. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—
a. Chant Triste .. *A. Arensky*
b. Humoresque .. *A. Arensky*

6. ORGAN SOLO Choral Prelude, No. 3, in A minor
César Franck
MARY TREVELYAN (Exhibitioner)

Accompanists—

KATHLEEN M. COOPER (Pringle Scholar), A.R.C.M.
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Thursday, July 5th

1. SONATA for Pianoforte and Violoncello, in F
major, Op. 99 .. *Brahms*
HILDA M. KLEIN (Exhibitioner)
S. DOROTHY THUELL
(Wilson Scholar), A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS .. a. On wings of song .. *Mendelssohn*
b. All in a garden green .. *C. Lidgey*
NELLIE KNIGHT
3. SUITE for two Violins and Harp, Op. 6
F. Goossens, Jr. (Ex-Scholar)
DORIS HOUGHTON
(Director's Exhibitioner) A.R.C.M.
FREDERICK C. HOLDING (Scholar)
KATE L. WILSON (Scholar) A.R.C.M.

4. SONGS .. a. Tune thy strings, oh gipsy
b. Silent woods .. *Dvorák*
c. Cloudy heights of Tatras .. *Dvorák*
5. VIOLIN SOLOS .. a. Romance .. *R. Mandl*
b. Scherzando .. *Marsick*
HARRY CANTOR (Cape Exhibitioner)
6. QUARTET for Strings, in G major, Op. 106
FREDERICK C. HOLDING (Scholar) *Dvorák*
HARRY CANTOR (Cape Exhibitioner)
SYBIL MATURIN A.R.C.M.
DOROTHY D. CHOULES (Dove Scholar)

Accompanists—

HILDA M. KLEIN (Exhibitioner)
CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

Friday, July 13th

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. (a) ALLA MAZURKA from Suite, Op. 13, "The B's"
 (Francis Purcell ("Bunny") Warren, Scholar of the College, 1914) } Herbert Howells
 •(b) ELEGY for Strings (Bruce Scholar)
 (2nd Licut. Francis Purcell Warren, 1916)
 •(c) SERENADE for Strings</p> <p>2. SONG .. Where art thou, father dear? Dvorák
 (The Spectre's Bride)
 K. VIVIAN WORTH (Scholar)</p> <p>3. CONCERTSTÜCK for Harp and Orchestra, Op. 39 G. Pierné
 KATE L. WILSON (Scholar) A.R.C.M.</p> | <p>4. QUARTET .. One morn, if I remember well (Rigoletto) Verdi
 KATHLEEN MARKWELL
 DOROTHY F. M. SMITHARD (Scholar)
 GWYNNE JONES
 CORPL. WALTER J. SAULL (Scholar)
 (by permission of his Commanding Officer)</p> <p>5. SYMPHONY in E flat, No. 3 ("Eroica") Beethoven</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Conductor—
 Sir CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A.,
 Mus. Doc.</p> <p>• First performance</p> |
|---|---|

SONG OF PAIN AND BEAUTY.

O may these days of pain,
 These wasted-seeming days,
 Somewhere reflower again
 With scent and savour of praise.
 Draw out of memory all bitterness
 Of night with Thy Sun's rays.

And strengthen Thou in me
 The love of men here found,
 And eager charity,
 That, out of difficult ground
 Spring like flowers in barren deserts, or
 Like light, or a lovely sound.

A simpler heart than mine
 Might have seen Beauty clear
 Where I could see no sign
 Of Thee, but only fear.
 Strengthen me, make me to see Thy Beauty always
 In every happening here.

IVOR GURNEY.

(In Trenches, France.)

The R.C.M. Union

"Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last."

TENNYSON.

POSTPONEMENT OF ANNUAL "AT HOME"

Members are already aware, from the notices sent to them, that the Entertainment Committee—(empowered by the General Committee to decide whether or not the annual "At Home" should take place)—met in May, and resolved that in view of the War it would be inadvisable

to hold the "At Home" as usual in June. The Entertainment Committee, however, will meet again at the end of September, and if it decides then to hold the "At Home" during the Christmas term, members will be at once communicated with. The Committee are glad to find, from the various expressions of opinion which have reached them, that in adopting this course they have correctly interpreted the wishes of the majority of members. Both Committee and members are at one in the wish to preserve the continuity of the Union as much as possible during the War.

LIST OF MEMBERS AND ADDRESSES

The Hon. Secretary greatly regrets that owing to her prolonged illness and to unavoidable delays in printing, the List of Union Members and Addresses for 1917 was not ready in May as usual. It will be sent out early in the autumn instead, to all members whose subscriptions are paid for 1916-17.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Annual Subscriptions to the Union fall due on November 1st, and are as follows :—

- (a) For present pupils of the R.C.M. and for two years after they cease to be pupils 3s. per annum
- (b) For all members resident in the Colonies or abroad 3s. per annum
- (c) For all other persons 5s. per annum

MARION M. SCOTT, *Hon. Secretary.*

A. BEATRIX DARNELL, *Hon. Treasurer.*

At the Second Western General Hospital, Manchester

"Life is a succession of lessons, which must be lived to be understood."—EMERSON.

Perhaps a few lines telling you of life in this Hospital might be of interest.

I came here on May 20th, 1915. The Hospital, like others in Manchester, was a school; this, a Municipal Secondary School, and a huge building. For the first fortnight I was billeted at an hotel until further arrangements could be made; then I was moved to a Convent! It was a distinct change. Never shall I forget entering it. I was taken up too many flights of stairs to count the steps, and, although I have been there

two years, I have never had the pluck to count them yet ! I arrived at the top to find one huge room divided into sixty cubicles (there is another floor like it underneath). When I learnt which was mine, I felt it was just like so many horses turning instinctively, each into his own box ! There are over a hundred of the nursing staff billeted there. However, now that I am used to it, if ever I have to leave it (and some day I undoubtedly shall have to), I shall be very very sorry, for it has been one of the happiest places I have lived in.

To return to the Hospital. On May 21st I found myself in a huge ward, which in the days of the school was an assembly room, containing a platform. This ward was one of the few which could boast of a piano, and many times I played for the men. "Something with a chorus," was the general request, and then ragtime and waltzes. Occasionally, however, we had trained singers and pianists, and then we made the most of them, and had some real music. After a time, artists appearing at the Palace Theatre gave a weekly concert.

I remained in this ward for five months, and then had a fortnight's leave. I went to my home at Hunstanton, Norfolk, and there I was introduced to Bandmaster Dawes, of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Yeomanry, and to his son, Sergt. Lionel Dawes, an ex-student of the R.C.M. I spent one of the pleasantest evenings I had had for some time at a concert they gave in the Town Hall. The band was excellent. I had the privilege of playing a violin solo for them, an invitation which took a great deal of persuasion to accept, as I had not played for five months. I am told that the Regiment is in France now. I wish them luck.

The next event of importance was at Christmas 1915, my first away from home. It was a delightful time. Several of the men said that they had had good times before, but *that* was the happiest Christmas they had ever had. I think, after all they had been through in the trenches, many of them not having been home nor seen their relations since their return to England, that it must have been to them indeed a happy time.

From January 17th to the end of March, 1915, was uneventful night-duty for me, but I liked it. April brought another leave, and on my return I worked in a ward, where I met Mr Llewellyn (?) Parry, who, I understand, is our Director's nephew. He used to sing to us whenever we asked

him, and it was a great treat. He was to be married three days after he left Hospital, he told me.

On August 1916 I was sent to a small Hospital on night-duty for a fortnight, to nurse some German prisoners until they could be transferred elsewhere. I dreaded this, as I was afraid I should be too bitter towards them ; but with the great respect and gratitude they showed all bitterness left me, and, realising that after all there *are* Germans with human feelings, I came away with my heart softened.

At the beginning of the big push in 1916 we had to say good-bye to all our men and make this building into an Officers' Hospital, there being only a few wards for officers before that time.

I agree with one of our R.C.M. students, whose name I forget now, that to be in an Officers' Hospital is "like being a house-maid." It certainly *is* ; but a house-maid more or less glorified. And oh ! the untidyness of officers. The "Tommies" could be trained to keep tidy, and would help us, but the officers —— ! We are worn out tidying after them, and they are tired out too with begging us to allow them to be untidy. However, untidy they may be, but now that I am used to them, those little things are overlooked (mentally) and I feel we are compensated by their great sense of humour and their patience when they are ill, and the way they now help us when they are better. Since writing this, they have been provided with boxes under their beds, in which to keep their clothes, etc. This has made a great difference to their tidyness, but it has opened up a new game to the nursing staff—*viz.*, to endeavour to dodge the edges and handles of the said boxes when making the beds. They are not comfortable things to knock one's legs against.

I met a nephew of Mr Sewell in November 1916 ; I think his name was Capt. Roberts. It was delightful to have a talk with someone who knew the College. Also, at that time, a Mr Holdsworth was in Hospital. He played the violin to us many times, his wife, who is also a musician, accompanying him. He used her violin, as he had left his own in the tender care of a violin professor at the R.C.M.

Manchester is just splendid for concerts and operas, which is a compensation for having to work in such a dirty city. I have seen and heard several ex-students of the R.C.M., among them being Miss May Harrison. Mr Eugène Goossens—conducting the Halle Orchestra—and Mr Haydn Wood and Miss Dorothy Court. Others have been here but I have been

unable to get away to hear them again. One of my own pupils has been in Hospital, and it was difficult to realize that those boys (of seven years ago) had grown up and were old enough to fight. I began to count up my own years and realised that, in spite of my youthful feelings, I really am getting on in life!! Also, it seems hardly credible that it is *fourteen years* since I left the R.C.M.

I send my very best wishes to the College and all connected with it.

ADA DODMAN.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

*"How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still,"*—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LONDON

ÆOLIAN HALL.—MISS DORA GARLAND gave a highly successful Recital at this Hall on May 31. Her programme included two sonatas: Brahms in D minor and Cesar Franck in A major, and the great Bach "Chaconne." She was assisted by Mr Harold Samuel at the pianoforte.

Some new quartets by DR. WALFORD DAVIES were performed by the Folk-Song Quartet at their Concert at the above Hall on June 7. Mr Harold Darke was the solo pianist, and played Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and several pieces of his own composition.

WIGMORE HALL.

MR JOHN IRELAND gave a memorable Concert at Wigmore Hall on the evening of June 12. The programme included his fine Second Sonata for Piano and Violin, played by Mr William Murdoch and Mr Albert Sammons, and the first performance of a new Trio, in which the composer was assisted by Mr Sammons and Mr Warwick-Evans. Miss Muriel Foster was the vocalist. There was an enormous audience.

A new Violoncello Sonata by MR FRANK BRIDGE was produced by Messrs. Felix Salmond and William Murdoch at a Concert of Modern English and French Chamber Music given at the same Hall on July 13. Mr John Ireland's Trio received a second performance on the same occasion.

CONCERTS IN AID OF THE RED CROSS, &c.

MR EUSTACE ERLEBACH has given two Concerts in aid of the British Red Cross Society with very successful results. At the concert at the Kensington Town Hall he raised over £80, and at the second concert at the Hampstead Conservatoire over £73. Several Collegians gave their assistance: Misses Dorothy Thuell, Margaret Champneys, Vivian Worth, Nancy Phillips, Doris Houghton and Sybil Maturin; Messrs. Frederick Taylor, Rupert Erlebach, Chas. Draper, G. Thalben Ball, Gwynne Jones and G. L. Anderson.

MR ALBERT GARCIA has been extremely active in musical good works since the outbreak of War, and some record of his concerts will prove interesting. His Choir of Ladies' Voices (which came into being in October 1914) first gave a concert on April 17, 1915, at the Hampstead Conservatoire. Mr Garcia and his wife (Miss Florence Taylor) contributed solos, and the choir performed Thomas Dunhill's cantata "Sea Fairies," with accompaniment for string orchestra. The sum realised

(£79 7s. 10d.) was given to the Committee for Music in War-time. A second concert on December 9, 1916, at Steinway Hall, resulted in the sum of £126 12s. 10d. being handed over to the British Red Cross. Mr Garcia next helped to organise a Concert at the large Queen's Hall, on April 19, 1917, in aid of the "Daily Express" "Cheery Fund." This was a free concert, but a collection was made which brought in £87. Mrs Garcia and Madame Gleeson-White sang, and Mr Whitehouse played 'cello solos, the Choir contributing several part-songs. Mr Garcia has also given numerous concerts at the large hospitals, his choir and soloists of the first rank taking part, amongst the hospitals visited being the War Hospitals at Epsom and Napsbury, the Millbank Hospital, the Woolwich Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, the Military Hospitals at Lewisham and Beckenham, the 1st London General Hospital at Camberwell, King George's Hospital, the 3rd London at Wandsworth, the Metropolitan Hospital (Kingsland Road), the South African Hospital at Richmond, and many others. Such sterling work in splendid causes, so persistently carried on, deserves more than a passing tribute of praise and admiration.

BIRMINGHAM

PROVINCIAL

At the recent annual Concert of the students of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, two choral compositions by Dr. W. H. Harris (who is one of the professors) were performed.

A sonata for Violin and Pianoforte in D major by Dr. Harris was played at a Chamber Concert given by the teaching staff of the Institute. Mr Ernest Newman writes:—"Dr. Harris has an agreeable view of melodic fantasy, and his music in general, if not of a disturbingly original kind, is at all events put together by the hand of a skilled craftsman."

PINNER

A successful performance of Dr Walford Davies's "Everyman" was given by the Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Harold Darke, on Saturday, May 26.

Dr. Davies shared the pianoforte accompaniments with Mr George T. Ball, and Miss Vivian Worth was one of the soloists.

THE TEMPLE

ORGAN RECITALS

DR. WALFORD DAVIES has started a series of Mid-day Recitals on Thursdays at the Temple; they commence at 1.30 and last half an hour. Each programme contains one of the lesser-known Overtures by Handel (who is said often to have strayed into the Church) and one of the great fugues of Bach.

In the absence of Dr. Davies, Mr Darke gave the Recital on July 26. He was assisted by Miss Dora Garland, who played a Sonata by Bach in E minor and the Adagio from the D minor sonata of Brahms. That these Recitals fill a want in City life is proved by the large congregations which have attended them.

ST. MICHAEL'S, CORNHILL

MR HAROLD DARKE is continuing his Recitals at this Church. His Fourth series of Programmes have included several Choral Preludes by Sir Hubert Parry and Dr. Chas. Wood, Herbert Howells's "Rhapsody," Eric Gritton's "Fantasia in G minor," John Ireland's "Elegiac Romance" and two pieces by Frank Bridge.

He gave a Bach Recital on June 25, when Miss Dora Garland played the great Chaconne, and it is gratifying to record that there was a record congregation on this occasion. There was also a programme of English music on May 28, and a Plebiscite programme on July 23.

The soloists have included the following Collegians: Misses Dorothy Giles, Dora Garland, Vivian Worth, Ethel MacLelland, Etty Ferguson and Beatrice Eveline.

The Fifth Series started on September 10.

WEDDING

AYRTON—PECK.—On April 19, at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, Miss Kathleen Mary Peck to Mr Frank Alsayer Ayrtton.

LETTERS FROM COLLEGIANS

From MR ARTHUR EGG (Montreal).—"The past winter has been on the whole gratifying in a musical way. Teaching was well maintained in Montreal, and we had the usual number of good concerts. The general public seemed to patronize music more whole-heartedly than during the first two winters of the War. We at the Cathedral were fortunate in being able to continue most of our activities; although our choir has given steadily to overseas battalions, we had a fair supply of men, having four good tenors and eight basses, which is distinctly better than has fallen to the lot of most choirs. I greatly enjoyed my work with them, which was strenuous throughout the entire season. . . .

"After Christmas I took up extra undertakings, chief among them being the planning of four organ and choir recitals in the Cathedral. These were more enthusiastically attended than anything previously given at the Cathedral. During Lent our choir combined with that of St. Martin's Church (Mr Troop, the organist, was with me at the R.C.M.) in learning the greater part of Bach's Cantata "God's Time is the Best." We sang it at the first of the Lenten recitals, after a number of most helpful and fruitful rehearsals together. We were delighted to find the seating capacity of the Cathedral completely taken up (about 1,300) at each of these Saturday afternoon recitals. At another recital we gave Wesley's "Wilderness" and Dr. Davies's "O Thou that hearest prayer," both of which are now greatly loved by our people. We have been warmly asked to do more in this way next season, so that I am planning a series for Advent and Lent. . . .

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that I have agreed to join the staff of McGill University Conservatorium of Music, taking charge in September of the organ department and of a number of classes in harmony and counterpoint. I shall like the work. Dr. Perrin is the director."

From MISS ANNA MARSH, Capetown, South Africa:—"We have just completed an eleven weeks' term. I gave a recital at the College in conjunction with Ellie Marx, our leading violinist, and Mr Con. Morris, our leading vocalist; but as the recital is purely for the students, we have no critics to write up the recital in the daily papers. I'm hoping so much to be able to come over to London next year, but if the War is still on I think I shall have to go to America instead. I do hope I shall be allowed to go across to London, and then I shall look forward to seeing you dear College people again."

Many old friends will be interested to hear that MR PERCY S. BRIGHT—a pupil of Sir Walter Parratt in the early nineties—is now on active service in France. When volunteers above the usual military age were asked for he sent in his name at once, was given a commission, and in nine days left for France. At present Lieut. Bright is on the Censor's Staff, where, no doubt, his excellent knowledge of languages is especially useful.

The Term's Awards

*"Unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."*—TENNYSON.

COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—

Davies, Dorothy T., A.R.C.M.									
(Clementi Exhibitioner)	(Piano)	£12	0	0	
Charlesworth, Maud L. B.	(Piano)	£10	0	0	
Ramirez-Aguirre, Maria	(Piano)	£10	0	0	
Slater, Moira B. B., A.R.C.M.	(Violin)	£6	0	0	
Young, Helen T.	(Organ)	£12	0	0	

- CLEMENTI EXHIBITION (value about £28) for Pianoforte Playing—
 Johnson, Marie L., A.R.C.M.
 Klein, Hilda M. (Exhibitioner).
- ORGAN EXTEMPORE PRIZE (value £3 3s.)—
 Wallace, James E., A.R.C.M. (George Carter Scholar).
- HENRY LESLIE (Herefordshire Philharmonic) Prize (£10) for Singers—
 Taylor, Frederick W. (Galer Scholar).
- ARTHUR SULLIVAN PRIZE (£5) for Composition—
 Erlebach, Rupert O. (Hon. Scholar) (Grove).
- SCHOLEFIELD PRIZE (£3) for String Players—
 Harrison, Margaret L.
- CHALLEN AND SON GOLD MEDAL for Pianoforte Playing—
 Davies, Dorothy T., A.R.C.M. (Clementi Exhibitioner).
- JOHN HOPKINSON MEDALS for Pianoforte Playing—
 Gold Medal Fell, L. Doris S., A.R.C.M. (Kiallmark Scholar).
 Silver Medal Dixon, Cecil E. M.
- PAUER MEMORIAL EXHIBITION (£7 10s.) for a Piano Student named as Proximé in
 the Open Scholarship Competition—
 Connah, Kathleen E. B. (Exhibitioner).
- ELOCUTION CLASS—
 Connah, Kathleen E. B. (Exhibitioner). Director's Prize.
 Johnston, Winifred N. Registrar's Prize.
 Betts, Beatrice Mr. Cairns James's
 (Lilian Eldée Scholar) Improvement Prize.
- HIGHLY COMMENDED—
 Easton, Ivy B.
 Morris, Dorothy (Scholar).
 Samuel, Barbara E. A.
 Taylor, Frederick W. (Galer Scholar).
- THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY ESSAY PRIZE—
 Eady, Doris G. G.
- HENRY BLOWER MEMORIAL PRIZE—
 Betts, Beatrice (Lilian Eldée Scholar)
- SAVAGE CLUB EXHIBITION—
 Peacock, Annie R., for one year.
- WHITCOMBE-PORTSMOUTH SCHOLARSHIP—
 Swain, Freda M. (Composition).
- PROXIME ACCESSERUNT—
 Buckle, Marjorie M. (Harp).
 Churcher, Beulah L. (Piano).
 Pearce, Doris V. (Singing).
 Spratt, Rose E. K. (Violin).
- DANNREUTHER PRIZE (£9 9s.) for the best performance of a Pianoforte Concerto
 with Orchestra—
 Cooper, Kathleen M., A.R.C.M. (Pringle Scholar).
- GOLD MEDAL presented by the late Raja Sir S. M. Tagore of Calcutta for the most
 generally deserving pupil—
 Taylor, Frederick W. (Galer Scholar).
- MESSRS. W. E. HILL AND SONS' PRIZE of a Violin, Bow and Case—
 Phillips, Nancy F., A.R.C.M. (Gowland Harrison Exhibitioner).